

The Mirror

OF

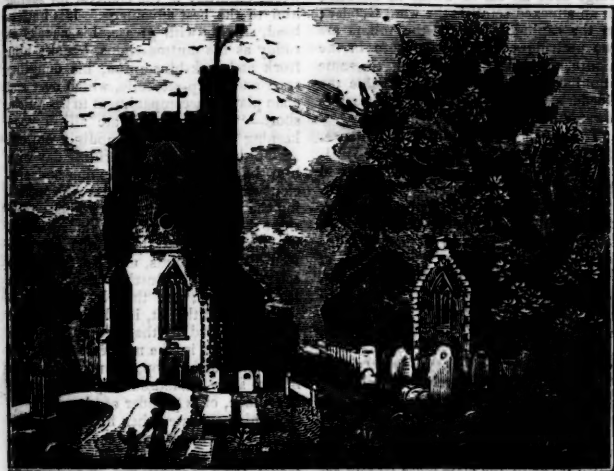
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 267.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1827.

[PRICE 2d.

Hadley Church.



HADLEY, Mankin, or Monkton, Hadley, was formerly a hamlet to Edmonton. It lies north-west of Enfield, and comprises 580 acres, including 240 allotted in lieu of the common enclosure of Enfield Chase. Its name is compounded of two Saxon words—Head-leagh, or a high place; Mankin is probably derived from the connexion of the place with the abbey of Walden, to which it was given by Geoffrey de Mandeville, earl of Essex, under the name of the Hermitage of Hadley. The village is situated on the east side of the great north road, eleven miles from London.

The manor belonged to the Mandevilles, the founder of the Hermitage, and was given by Geoffrey to the monks of Walden; in the ensuing two centuries the manorial property underwent various transmissions, and was purchased by the Pinney family, in the year 1791, by the present proprietor, Peter Moore, Esq.

The house of the late David Garrow, father to the present judge of that name in the court of exchequer, is supposed to have been connected with a monastic establishment. Chimney-pieces remain

in *alto-relievo*: on one is sculptured the story of Sampson; the other represents many passages in the life of our Saviour, from his birth in the stall to his death on the cross.

The parish church, of which our engraving gives a correct view, is a handsome structure, built at different periods. The chancel bears marks of great antiquity, but the body has been built with bricks. At the west end is a square tower, composed of flint, with quoins of freestone; on one side is the date Anno Domini 1494, cut in stone—one side of the stone bearing date in the sculptured device of a wing; the other that of a rose. The figures denote the year 1494; the last, like the second numerical, being the *half eight*, often used in ancient inscriptions. The unique vestige of the middle ages, namely, a firepan, or pitchpot, on the south-west tower of the church, was blown down in January, 1779, and carefully repaired, though now not required for the purpose of giving an alarm at the approach of a foe, by lighting pitch within it. The church has been supposed to have been erected by Edward IV. as a

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chapel for religious service, to the memory of those who fell in the battle of Barnet in 1471.

On the window of the north transept are some remains of painted glass, among which may be noticed the rebus of the Gooders, a family of considerable consequence at Hadley in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This consists of a partridge with an ear of wheat in its bill; on an annexed scroll is the word Gooder; on the capital of one of the pillars are two partridges with ears of corn in the mouth, an evident repetition of the same punning device, and it is probable the Gooders were considerable benefactors towards building the church.

The almshouses for six decayed housekeepers were founded by Sir Roger Willbraham in 1616, but so slenderly endowed that they do not produce more than 9*l.* 6*s.* annually. Major Delafonte, in 1762, increased the annuity, which expired in 1805; but Mr. Cottrell gained by subscription 237*l.* in trust. The father of the late Mr. Whitbread, the statesman, subscribed the sum of 1000*l.* for the support of the almshouses. The charity-school for girls was established in 1773, and was enlarged and converted into a school of industry in 1800. Twenty girls in the establishment receive annually the sum of 1*l.* towards clothing; thirty girls besides the above are admitted to the benefit of education, on paying the weekly sum of 2*d.* and succeed to the vacancies which occur in the class more largely assisted. This charity is in like manner supported by contributions on the inhabitants. The boys' school, supported in the same way, which in 1804 amounted to the sum of 103*l.* 10*s.*, has about seventy day-scholars; twenty are allowed 1*l.* towards clothing, and instructed without any charge; the remainder pay 2*d.* weekly.

The Sketch Book.

No. XLIII.

THE BUTCHER.

WOLSEY, they tell us, was a butcher. An alliterative couplet too was made upon him to that import:—

* By butchers born, by bishops bred,
How high his honour holds his haughty head.*

Notwithstanding which, however, and other similar allusions, there have arisen many disputes touching the veracity of the assertion; yet, doubtless, those who first promulgated the idea, were keen observers of men and manners; and, probably, in the critical examination of the

Cardinal's character, discovered a particular trait which indubitably satisfied them of his origin.

Be this as it may, I am inclined to think there is certainly something peculiarly characteristic in the butcher.

The pursuit of his calling appears to have an influence upon his manners, speech, and dress. Of all the days in the week, Saturday is the choicest for seeing him to the best advantage. His hatless head, shining with grease, his cheeks as ruddy as his mutton-chops, his sky-blue frock and dark-blue apron, his dangling steel and sharp-set knife, which ever and anon play an accompaniment to his quick, short—"Buy! buy!" are all in good keeping with the surrounding objects. And although this be not *killing* day with him, he is particularly winning and gracious with the serving-maids; who (whirling the large street-door key about their right thumb, and swinging their marketing basket in their left hand) view the well-displayed joints, undecided which to select, until Mr. Butcher recommends a leg or a loin; and then he so very politely cuts off the fat, in which his skilful hand is guided by the high or low price of mutton fat in the market. He is the very antipode of a fop, yet no man knows how to show a handsome *leg* off to better advantage, or is prouder of his *calves*.

In his noviciate, when he shoulders the shallow tray, and whistles cavalierly on his way in his sausage-meat-complexioned-jacket, there is something marked as well in his character as his *habits*; he is never *moved* to stay, except by a brother butcher, or a fight of dogs or boys, for such scenes fit his singular fancy. Then, in the discussion of his bull-dog's beauties, he becomes extraordinarily eloquent. Hafiz, the Persian, could not more warmly, or with choicer figure, describe his mistress' charms, than he does Lion's, or Fowler's, or whatever the brute's christian name may be; and yet the surly, cynical, *dogged* expression of the bepraised beast, would almost make one imagine he understood the meaning of his master's words, and that his honest nature despised the flattering encomiums he passes upon his pink belly and legs, his broad chest, his ring-tail, and his tulip ears!—*Absurdities, in Prose and Verse.*

CONFIDENCE AND CREDIT.

(For the Mirror.)

THE day was dark, the markets dull,
The 'Change was thin, Gazettes were full,
And half the town was breaking;

The counter-sign of Cash was "Stop!"
Bankers and bankrupts shut up shop,
And honest hearts were aching.

When near the Bench my fancy spied
A faded form, with hasty stride,
Beneath Grief's burden stooping:
Her name was CREDIT, and she said
Her father, TRADE, was lately dead,
Her mother, COMMERCE, drooping.

The smile that she was wont to wear
Was wither'd by the hand of care,
Her eyes had lost their lustre:
Her character was gone, she said,
For she had basely been betray'd,
And nobody would trust her.

For honest INDUSTRY had tried
To gain fair CREDIT for his bride,
And found the damsel willing,
But, ah! a fortune-hunter came,
And SPECULATION was his name,
A rake not worth a shilling.

The villain came, on mischief bent,
And soon gain'd dad and mam's consent—
Ah! then poor CREDIT smarted;—
He slick'd her fortune and her fame,
He fix'd a blot upon her name,
And left her broken-hearted.

While thus poor CREDIT seem'd to sigh,
Her cousin, CONFIDENCE, came by—
(Methinks he must be clever)—
For, when he whisper'd in her ear,
She check'd the sigh, she dried the tear,
And smiled as sweet as ever!

JESSE HAMMOND.

CURIOUS SCRAPS RELATING TO CELEBRATED PERSONS.

(For the Mirror.)

WHEN the famous Cornelia, daughter of the great Scipio, was imperturbed by a lady of her acquaintance to show her toilette, she deferred satisfying her curiosity till her children, who were the famous Gracchi, came from school, and then said, "*En! hæc ornamenta meæ sunt.*"—"These are my ornaments."

Cynæas, the minister of Pyrrhus, asked the king (before their expedition into Italy) what he proposed to do when he had subdued the Romans? He answered, "Pass into Sicily." "What then?" said the minister. "Conquer the Carthaginians," replied the king. "And what follows that?" says the minister. "Be sovereign of Greece, and then enjoy ourselves," said the king. "And why," replied the sensible minister, "can we not do this last now?"

The emperors Nerva, Trajan, Antoninus, and Aurelius sold their palaces, their gold and silver plate, their valuable furniture, and other superfluities, heaped up by their predecessors, and banished from their tables all expensive delicacies.

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These princes, together with Vespasian, Pertinax, Alexander, Severus, Claudius the Second, and Tacitus, who were raised to the empire by their merit, and whom all ages have admired as the greatest and the best of princes, were always fond of the greatest plainness in their apparel, furniture, and outward appearance.

Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, who lived unknown and disgraced in Spain, was scarcely able to obtain an audience of his master Charles V.; and when the king asked who was the fellow that was so clamorous to speak to him, he cried out, "I am one who have got your majesty more provinces than your father left towns."

Camoens, the famous Portuguese poet, was unfortunately shipwrecked at the mouth of the river Meco, on the coast of Camboja, and lost his whole property; however, he saved his life and his poems, which he bore through the waves in one hand, whilst he swam ashore with the other. It is said, that his black servant, a native of Java, who had been his companion for many years, begged in the streets of Lisbon for the support of his master, who died in 1579. His death, it is supposed, was accelerated by the anguish with which he foresaw the ruin impending over his country. In one of his letters he uses these remarkable expressions: "I am ending the course of my life; the world will witness how I have loved my country. I have returned not only to die in her bosom, but to die with her."

Henrietta, daughter of Henry IV. of France, and wife of Charles I. of England, was reduced to the utmost poverty; and her daughter, afterwards married to a brother of Louis XIV., is said to have lain in bed for want of coals to keep her warm. Pennant relates a melancholy fact of fallen majesty in the person of Mary d'Este, the unhappy queen of James II., who, flying with her infant prince from the ruin impending over their house, after crossing the Thames from abdicated Whitehall, took shelter beneath the ancient walls of Lambeth church a whole hour, from the rain of the inclement night of December 6th, 1688. Here she waited with aggravated misery till a common coach, procured from the next inn, arrived, and conveyed her to Gravesend, from whence she sailed, and bid adieu to this kingdom.

Pascal, one of the greatest geniuses and best men that ever lived, entertained a notion that God made men miserable here in order to their being happy hereafter; and in consequence of this notion, he imposed upon himself the most painful

mortification. He even ordered a wall to be built before a window in his study, which afforded him too agreeable a prospect. He had also a girdle full of sharp points next his skin; and while he was eating or drinking any thing that was grateful to his palate, he was constantly pricking himself, that he might not be sensible of any pleasure. The virtuous Fenelon submitted without reserve to the arbitrary sentence of the pope, when he condemned a book which he had published, and even preached in condemnation of his own book, forbidding his friends to defend it. "What gross and humiliating superstitions (says their biographer) have been manifested by men, in other respects of sound and clear understandings, and of upright, honest hearts."

In the churchyard of St. Ann's, Soho, says Pennant, is a marble, erected near the grave of that remarkable personage, Theodore Antony Newhoff, king of Corsica, who died in this parish in 1756, immediately after leaving the king's-bench prison, by the benefit of the act of insolvency. The marble was erected, and the epitaph written, by the honourable Horace Walpole:—

"The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings;
But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead—
Fate pour'd its lesson on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread."

He registered his kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors. His biographer says, "He was a man whose claim to royalty was as indisputable as the most ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his subjects, the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon resolution of determining to be free."

P. T. W.

"THE LILY BELLS ARE WET WITH DEW."

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I have taken the liberty of transmitting to you a piece of a Latin ode, which appears to me to be the original of the song—"The lily bells are wet with dew," in Miss Mitford's "Dramatic Scenes," which appeared in your miscellany of June 23, 1827.

It is copied from an old book published in the year 1697, by Charles Elford, entitled "*Gemmæ Poetarum*."

If you think it worthy insertion, I should feel obliged by its appearance.

Yours respectfully,

J. T. S.

Lilia rorescunt, jubera oculo blandè rosarum

Florem tangunt—ò, dives odore,

*O, splendens tinctâ floretum—est + **

Surge Feronia, et sertum texe

Cæsariem nunc implectare tuum coracinum

Ne uestu medio sol flores abripiat.

In cœlo tenuis nubes est, lenta susurra

Cum aurâ veniunt—aut imbrem vaticinans

Aut nivem: orire, Feronia, crinem stringere
cauté

Sertum age, ne veniat tempestas minitans.

I have translated it thus, which you may perceive is strictly literal:—

The lilies are wet with the dew—the sunbeams with a kiss gently touch the flower of the roses.—O the garden is rich of scent—is bright of hue.—Arise Feronia and weave the garland even now to braid thy ravenlike hair, lest at mid-day the sun should spoil the flowers.—In the sky there is a little cloud, gentle whisperings come with the gale—they tell of rain or snow.—Arise Feronia and carefully weave the garland to bind up thy hair, lest the threatening storm should come.

Astronomical Occurrences

FOR AUGUST, 1827.

(For the Mirror.)

It has been computed, that all the celestial orbs perceived by the unassisted eye (which on a clear night never exceed 1,000,) do not form the 80,000 part of those which may be described by the help of a telescope, through which they appear prodigiously increased in number; seventy stars have been counted in the constellation of the *pleiades*, and no fewer than 2,000 in that of *Orion*.

The *galaxy*, or *via lactea*, (milky way,) is a remarkable appearance in the heavens, being a broad ray of whitish colour surrounding the whole celestial concave, whose light proceeds from vast clusters of stars, discoverable only by the telescope. Mr. Brydone, in his journey to the top of Mount Etna, found the phenomenon make a most glorious appearance, "like a pure flame that shot across the heavens."

Dr. Herschel made many observations on this portion of the heavens, using a Newtonian reflector of twenty feet focal length, and an aperture of eighteen inches. With this powerful telescope he completely resolved the whitish appearance into stars, which the telescopes he had formerly used had not light enough to do. In the most vacant place to be met with in that neighbourhood, he found sixty-three stars; other six fields, or apparent spaces in the heavens, which he could see at once through his telescope, averaged seventy-nine stars in each field: thus he found that by allowing 15 min.

of a deg. for the diameter of his field of view, a belt of 15 deg. long, and 2 deg. broad, which he had often seen pass before his telescope in an hour's time could not contain less than 50,000 stars, large enough to be distinctly numbered, besides which he suspected twice as many more, which could be seen only now and then by faint glimpses, for want of sufficient light. In the most crowded part of that region he informs us, he has had fields of view which contained no less than 588 stars, and these were continued for many minutes, so that in one quarter of an hour's time there passed no less than 116,000 stars. He also intimates the probability of the sun being placed in this great stratum, though perhaps not in the very centre of its thickness.

From the appearance of the galaxy it seems to encompass the whole heavens, as it certainly must if the sun be within the same. From succeeding observations made by Dr. Herschel, he gathers that the milky way is a most extensive stratum of stars of various sizes, and our sun evidently one of the heavenly bodies belonging to it. In viewing and gauging this shining zone in almost every direction, he found the number of stars composing it, by the account of those gauges constantly increase and decrease in proportion to its apparent brightness to the naked eye.

The *nebulae*, or small whitish specks, discoverable by telescopes in various parts of the heavens are owing to the same cause. Former astronomers could only reckon 103, but Herschel counts upwards of 1,250. He has also discovered a species of them, which he calls planetary nebulae, on account of their brightness, and shining with a well defined disk.

The sun enters *Virgo* on the 23rd at 11 h. 42 m. evening.

Mercury comes to his inferior conjunction on the 13th at 1½ h. morning, becomes stationary on the 22nd, and is at his greatest elongation on the 31st, when he passes his ascending node; he may be seen early on that morning rising at 3½ h.

Venus is in conjunction with Mars on the 21st at 3 h. afternoon; she rises on the 1st at 2 h. 38 m., and on the 31st at 4 h. 10 m. morning.

Jupiter still continues a conspicuous object in the western part of the heavens, setting on the 1st at 9 h. 43 m., and on the 31st at 8 h. None of the eclipses of his satellites are visible during the month in consequence of his being so near the sun.

Herschel comes to the south on the 1st at 11 h. 6 m., and on the 31st at 9 h. 48 m. evening.

Spica virginis (the virgin's spike), in

the constellation *Virgo* culminates on the 1st at 4 h. 32 m. afternoon, being situated 10 deg. 13 m. south of the equator, at a meridional elevation of 28 deg. 26 m. *Arcturus* in *Bootes* south at 5 h. 23 m. with 20 deg. north delineation, and at an altitude of 58 deg. 46 m. *Antares* in the heart of *Scorpio* at 7 h. 34 m., declination 26 deg. south, elevation 12 deg. 38 m. *Altair* in the *Eagle* at 10 h. 57 m., declination 8 deg. 24 m. north, altitude 47 deg. 3 m. *Fomalhaut* in the most southern fish of the constellation *Pisces* at 2 h. 6 m. morning, having a southern declination of 30 deg. 34 m., being elevated only 8 deg. 5 m. above the horizon.

The above stars come to the meridian 4 min. earlier every evening; they are all of the first magnitude (with the exception of *Altair*, which is of the second,) and may be easily distinguished any hour of the day with a magnifying power of thirty times; stars of the second magnitude require a power of 100, but when the sun is not more than two hours above the horizon, they may be seen with a power of sixty.

PASCHE.

The Novelist.

No. CVI.

ROSALIE BERTON.

(Concluded from page 74.)

THINGS were in this state when I visited S—, and the union of Henri and Rosalie, though not positively fixed, was regarded as an event by no means distant. Every one was interested for the young and handsome couple, and wished for their espousal. Rosalie's friends longed for the day when she was to wed the young and handsome Henri; and Henri's comrades were perpetually urging him to cement his union with the lovely Rosalie.

We left the place with every kind wish for the young and betrothed pair. I have not since revisited S—, but by letters from my friend, I have been informed, that this commencement of their loves had a sad and melancholy sequel.

After our departure, it seems, the lovers continued equally attached; arrangements were making for their union, and it was intended that Henri should leave the army previous to their marriage. But just at this juncture, and as he was about to leave his corps, rumours of war were circulated, the enterprise against Spain was projected, and the royal guard was one of the first corps ordered for service. Henri, with the natural enthusiasm of a

soldier, felt all his former ardour revive ; and longed to mingle in the ranks of glory, ere he left them for ever. He, doubtless, felt severely the separation from Rosalie ; yet his feelings were described to me as being of a joyous character, and as if evincing that he felt happy that the opportunity of joining his brethren in arms, and of signalizing himself perhaps for the last time, had presented itself, previous to his marriage and his quitting the service.

The enterprise against Spain, he considered as the French army commonly did, to be a mere excursion of pleasure, which, while it led them into a country which many of them had never visited before, would also afford them the occasion of gathering laurels which might serve to redeem somewhat of their lost glory. He therefore looked forward to the expedition, on the whole, with feelings of ardour and delight, and even longed for its approach. Not so Rosalie ! She looked on war and bloodshed with the natural apprehensions of her sex ; and saw in the projected expedition, and its prospects of glory, only danger and death to her lover ! Her spirits received a severe shock when the intelligence was first communicated—she gradually lost her cheerfulness and spirits ; the song, the dance, had no longer charm or interest for her, and she could only contemplate the approaching separation with sorrow and dismay !

Henri perceived her depression, and endeavoured to combat and remove her fears by arguments fond, but unavailing. It was only, he would urge, a jaunt of pleasure ; it would admit his speedy return, when he would come to lay his services at her feet, and claim the hand which was already promised to his hopes ; and surely, then, Rosalie could not regret his obeying the call of duty and of honour ; or like her lover the worse, when crowned with victory in the cause of his country. To these and similar assurances, Rosalie could only reply with the mute eloquence of tears ; and nothing could divest her of the apprehension with which she ever regarded an enterprise which she seemed to consider from the first as fatal.

The time however drew on, the dreaded period arrived, the Royal Guard left its quarters, and departed from S—. Henri took a fond and passionate adieu of his betrothed ; and Rosalie, having summoned all her fortitude to her aid, went through the parting scene with more firmness than could have been expected from her, though her feelings, afterwards, were described as of the most agonizing kind.

Such is the difference between the ardent feelings of man, and the tender and

gentle sympathies of woman, that while his sorrow is alleviated by a thousand mitigating circumstances of ardour and excitement, which relieve his attention, and soothe, though they do not annihilate his grief ; she can only brood over her feelings, and suffer in silence and in sorrow. Henri marched out with his regiment in all the vigour of manhood, and with all the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of war," while Rosalie could only retire to her chamber and weep.

Time passed on ; letters were received from Henri, which spoke in ardent terms of his journey, and of the new and singular scenes unfolded to his view. He adverted also to his return, mentioned the war as a mere pastime, and as an agreeable jaunt, the termination of which he only desired, because it would once more restore him to his Rosalie. It was remarked, however, that she never recovered her cheerfulness ; to all her lover's assurances she could only reply with expressions of distrust, and with feelings of sorrow ; and when she wrote, it was to express her fears of the campaign, and her wish that it were over, and that they were again united in safety.

And constantly did the good and pious girl offer up her prayers for her lover, as she repaired to the church of the Holy Virgin at S—, to perform her daily devotions.

The season advanced : the French marched through Spain, and reached Cadiz. At this last hope of the Constitutionalists, a strong resistance was expected, and Henri had written from Seville, that his next letter would announce the termination of the campaign. Alas ! he never wrote again ! Time flew on ; the journals announced the fall of the Trocadero ; the surrender of Cadiz, and the restoration of Ferdinand ; yet there came no news from Henri ! Then did the gentle girl sink into all the despondency of disappointment ; and as day after day passed and brought no tidings of her lover, her beauty and her health suffered alike, she languished and pined till she scarce retained the semblance of her former self.

At last came a letter ; it was from Spain, but it was written in a stranger's hand, and its sable appendages bespoke the fatal nature of its contents. It was from a brother officer of Henri, stating that his regiment had been foremost in the attack, and that the Trocadero, the last resource of the Constitutionalists, had been carried with the loss of but few killed ; but, alas ! among that few, was Henri ! He was shot through the body while leading his men to the assault. He fell instantly dead, and the writer ex-

pressed his desire that the sad intelligence should be conveyed as gently as possible to Rosalie.

Unhappily, by one of those chances which often occur, as if to aggravate misfortune, it was Rosalie who received the fatal letter from the postman's hands! She tore it open; read its dreadful contents; and with a wild and frenzied shriek, fell senseless to the ground! She was borne to her bed, where every care and attention was bestowed; but her illness rapidly assumed a threatening and a dangerous character. A fever seized her frame; she became at once delirious; nor did reason again resume her throne; and it was not till after months of suffering and agony, that she recovered, if that could be called recovery, which gave back a deformed and hapless lunatic, bereft of intellect and of beauty, in place of the once gay and fascinating Rosalie. The dread aberration of intellect was attributed by her medical attendants to the fatal and sudden shock which she had sustained, and to its effect on a mind weakened by previous anxiety and sorrow; while they feared her malady was of a nature, which admitted no hope of the return of reason.

Her mind, it was stated, remained an entire blank. Imbecile, vacant, drivelling—she appeared almost unconscious of former existence; and of those subjects which formerly engrossed her attention, and excited her feelings, there were scarcely any on which she now evinced any emotion. Even the name of her lover was almost powerless on her soul, and if repeated in her hearing, seemed scarcely to call forth her notice.

One only gift remained, in all its native pathos, tenderness, and beauty—her voice, so sweet before her illness, seemed, amid the wreck of youth, and joy, and love, and all that was charming and endeared, to have only become sweeter still! She was incapable or unwilling to learn any new airs, but she would occasionally recollect snatches of former songs or duets, which she and Henri had sung together, and she would pour the simple melodies in strains of more than mortal sweetness!

This, alas! was the only relic of former talent or taste that she retained; in all other respects, her mind and body, instead of evincing symptoms of recovery, seemed to sink in utter hopelessness and despair; and an early tomb seems to be the best and kindest boon which heaven, in its mercy, can bestow, on the once fair and fascinating Rosalie!

Tales of all Nations.

Anecdotes and Recollections.

Notings, selections,
Anecdote and joke:
Our recollections;
With gravities for graver folk.

TAVERNS AND CLUB-HOUSES.

ALMOST every tavern of note about town hath or had its club. The Mermaid Tavern is immortalized as the house resorted to by Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, and Beaumont; the Devil—which, Pennant informs us, stood on the site of Child's-place, Temple Bar—was the scene of many a merry meeting of the choice spirits in old days; at Will's Coffee-house, in the Augustan age of English literature, societies were held to which Steele, and Pope, and Addison belonged; Doctor Johnson, Hawkesworth, the elder Salter, and Sir John Hawkins, were members of a club formerly held at the King's-head, in Ivy-lane; the notorious Dick England, Dennis O'Kelly, and Hull, with their associates, had, many years ago, a sporting-club at Munday's Coffee-house; the Three Jolly Pigeons, in Butcher-hall-lane, was formerly the gathering place of a set of old school bibliopoles, who styled themselves the Free and Easy Counsellors under the Cauliflower; stay-maker Hugh Kelly, Goldsmith, Ossian Macpherson, Garrick, Cumberland, and the Woodfalls, with several noted men of that day, were concerned in a club at the St. James's Coffee-house; the Kit-Cat, which took its name from one Christopher Cat, a pastry-cook, was held at a tavern in King-street, Westminster; Button's—but truly the task of enumerating the several clubs, of which we find notices "in the books," as the lawyers have it, would be endless.—*Every Night Book.*

CONVERSATION OF WOMEN.

THE usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes the natural weakness of being taken with outside appearance. Talk of a new-married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their coach-and-six, or eat in plate. Mention the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her gown and petticoat. A ball is a great help to discourse, and a birthday furnishes conversation for a twelvemonth after. A furbelow of precious stones, a hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topics.—*Addison.*

BILDERDYK.

WILLIAM BILDERDYK, admired as the first poet that modern Holland has pro-

duced, and not less distinguished by the brilliant qualities of his mind, did not, in his youth, seem to show any happy disposition for study. His father, who formed an unfavourable opinion of his talents, was much distressed, and frequently reproached him in severe terms for his inattention and idleness, to which young Bilderdyk did not appear to pay much attention. In 1776, the father, with a newspaper in his hand, came to stimulate him, by showing the advertisement of a prize offered by the Society of Leyden, and decreed to the author of a piece of poetry, signed with these words, "An Author 18 years old," who was invited to make himself known. "You ought to blush, idler," said old Bilderdyk to his son. "Here is a boy only of your age, and though so young, is the pride and happiness of his parents; and you ——" "It is myself," answered young William, throwing himself into his father's arms.

SIR ANTHONY CARLISLE,

WHO has often filled the anatomical chair at the Royal Academy, is no less abstruse and instructive than pleasant and amusing. His illustrative anecdotes are always excellent, and his way of telling them quite dramatic. We have found him even more agreeable as a private talker than as a lecturer; he is rich in the old lore of England—he will hunt a phrase through several reigns—propose derivations for words which are equally ingenious and learned—follow a proverb for generations back, and discuss on the origin of language as though he had never studied aught beside: he knows more than any other person we ever met with of the biography of talented individuals—in the philosophy of common life he is quite an adept—a capital chronologist—a man of fine mind and most excellent memory: his experience has, of course, been very great, and he has taken good advantage of it. We remember he once amused us for half a day by adducing instances of men who, although possessed of mean talents, had enabled themselves to effect wonders, by simply hoarding in their minds, and subsequently acting upon, an immense number of facts: from this subject we naturally enough fell into a discourse on the importance, in many cases and situations, of attending to trifles. As a proof of this, he mentioned a circumstance which occurred to an eminent surgeon within his own memory; it was as follows: A gentleman, residing about a post-stage from town, met with an accident, which eventually rendered amputation of a limb indispensable. The surgeon

alluded to was requested to perform the operation, and went from town with two pupils to the gentleman's house, on the day appointed, for that purpose. The usual preliminaries being arranged, he proceeded to operate; the tourniquet was applied, the flesh divided, and the bone laid bare, when, to his astonishment and horror, he discovered that his instrument-case was without the saw! Here was a situation! Luckily his presence of mind did not forsake him. Without apprising his patient of the terrible fact, he put one of his pupils into his carriage, and told the coachman to gallop to town. It was an hour and a half before the saw was obtained, and during all that time the patient lay suffering. The agony of the operator, though great, was scarcely a sufficient punishment for his neglect in not seeing that all his instruments were in the case before he started.

Basil Montagu, the water drinking barrister, who was present during the narration of this anecdote, and the previous discussion, mentioned another instance of the propriety of noticing those minor circumstances in life, which are usually suffered to pass unheeded by people in general. A man of talent was introduced into a company of strangers; he scarcely spoke after his first salutation until he wished the party good night. Almost every one dubbed him a fool; the lady hostess, who, he it remarked, had not been previously informed of the abilities of her new guest, was of a different opinion. "I am sure," said she, "that you are all wrong; for, though he said nothing, I remarked that *he always laughed in the right place.*"—*Every Night Book.*

A FACT.

PAT went to his mistress: "My lady, your mare *In harness*, goes well as a dray-horse, I swear: I tried, as you're thinking to sell her, or let her, For coming on thus, she'll go off all the better."

"'Twas very well thought of" the lady replied,

"You've acted a sensible part,

But Patrick, pray tell me the day that you tried,

Of whom did you borrow the cart?"

"The cart? why, she *walk'd well in harness*, I saw,

But I thought not, by no means, to try if she'd draw;

For says I, by Saint Patrick, who, her comes to view,

To tell him, she has been '*in harness*' will do!"

M. L. R.

The Months.



AUGUST.

All around

The yellow sheaves, catching the burning beam,
Glow, golden lustre.

MRS. ROBINSON.

THIS is the month of harvest. The crops usually begin with rye and oats, proceed with wheat, and finish with pease and beans. Harvest-home is still the greatest rural holiday in England, because it concludes at once the most laborious and most lucrative of the farmer's employments, and unites repose and profit. Thank heaven, there are, and must be, seasons of some repose in agricultural employments, or the countryman would work with as unceasing a madness, and contrive to be almost as diseased and unhealthy as the citizen. But here again, and for the reasons already mentioned, our holiday-making is not what it was. Our ancestors used to burst into an enthusiasm of joy at the end of harvest, and even mingled their previous labour with considerable merry-making, in which they imitated the equality of the earlier ages. They crowned the wheat-sheaves with flowers, they sung, they shouted, they danced, they invited each other, or met to feast as at Christmas, in the halls of rich houses; and, what was a very amiable custom, and wise beyond the common wisdom that may seem to lie on the top of it, every one that had been concerned, man, woman, and child, received a little present, ribbons, laces, or sweetmeats.

The number of flowers is now sensibly

diminished. Those that flower newly are nigella, zinnias, polyanthus, love-apples, mignonette, capsicums, Michaelmas daisies, auriculus, asters or stars, and China-asters. The additional trees and shrubs in flower are the tamarisk, altheas, Venetian sumach, pomegranates, the beautiful passion-flower, the trumpet flower, and the virgin's bower or clematis, which is such a quick and handsome climber. But the quantity of fruit is considerably multiplied, especially that of pears, peaches, apricots, and grapes. And if the little delicate white flowers have at last withdrawn from the hot sun, the wastes, marshes, and woods are dressed in the luxuriant attire of ferns and heaths, with all their varieties of green, purple, and gold. A piece of waste land, especially where the ground is broken up into little inequalities, as Hampstead-heath, for instance, is now a most bright as well as picturesque object; all the ground, which is in light, giving the sun, as it were, gold for gold. Mignonette, intended to flower in winter, should now be planted in pots, and have the benefit of a warm situation. Seedlings in pots should have the morning sunshine, and annuals in pots be frequently watered.

In the middle of this month, the young goldfinch broods appear, lapwings congregate, thistle-down floats, and birds re-

sume their spring songs :—a little afterwards flies abound in windows, linnets congregate, and bulls make their shrill autumnal bellowing ; and towards the end the beech tree turns yellow,—the first symptom of approaching autumn.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LEOPARD-HUNTING.

THE leopard of Southern Africa is known among the Cape colonists by the name of tiger ; but is, in fact, the real leopard, the *Felis jubata* of naturalists, well known for the beauty of its shape and spotted skin, and the treachery and fierceness of its disposition. The animal called leopard (*luipaard*) by the Cape Dutch boors, is a species of the panther, and is inferior to the real leopard in size and beauty. Both of them are dreaded in the mountainous districts on account of the ravages which they occasionally commit among the flocks, and on the young cattle and horses in the breeding season.

The South African panther is a cowardly animal, and, like the hyena, flies from the face of man. The leopard also, though his low, half-smothered growl is frequently heard by night, as he prowls like an evil spirit around the cottage or the kraal, will seldom or never attack mankind, (children excepted,) unless previously assailed or exasperated. When hunted, as he usually is with dogs, he instinctively betakes himself to a tree, when he falls an easy prey to the shot of the huntsman. The leopard, however, though far inferior in strength and intrepidity to the lion, is yet an exceedingly active and furious animal ; and when driven to extremity, proves himself occasionally an antagonist not to be trifled with. The colonists relate many instances of arduous and even fatal encounters with the hunted leopard. The following is one of these adventures, which occurred in a frontier district in 1822, as described by one of the two individuals so perilously engaged in it.

Two boors returning from hunting the Hartbeest, (*antelope bubalis*,) fell in with a leopard in a mountain ravine, and immediately gave chase to him. The animal at first endeavoured to escape by clambering up a precipice ; but being hotly pressed, and slightly wounded by a musket-ball, he turned upon his pursuers with that frantic ferocity which on such emergencies he frequently displays, and springing upon the man who had fired at him, tore him from his horse to the ground,

bringing him at the same time very severely in the shoulder, and tearing his face and arms with his talons. The other hunter, seeing the danger of his comrade, (he was, if I mistake not, his brother,) sprung from his horse, and attempted to shoot the leopard through the head ; but, whether owing to trepidation, or the fear of wounding his friend, or the sudden motions of the animal, he unfortunately missed.

The leopard, abandoning his prostrate enemy, darted with redoubled fury upon this second antagonist ; and so fierce and sudden was his onset, that before the boor could stab him with his hunting-knife, he had struck him in the eyes with his claws, and torn the scalp over his forehead. In this frightful condition the hunter grappled with the raging beast, and struggling for life, they rolled together down a steep declivity. All this passed so rapidly, that the other boor had scarcely time to recover from the confusion in which his feline foe had left him, to seize his gun, and rush forward to aid his comrade, when he beheld them rolling together down the steep bank in mortal conflict. In a few moments he was at the bottom with them, but too late to save the life of his friend. The leopard had torn open the jugular vein, and so dreadfully mangled the throat of the unfortunate man, that his death was inevitable ; and his comrade had only the melancholy satisfaction of completing the destruction of the savage beast, already exhausted with several deep wounds in the breast from the desperate knife of the expiring huntsman.

London Weekly Review.

GLOAMING.

BY DELTA.

THERE is a beauty in the grey twilight,
Which minds unmusical can never know,
A holy quietude, that yields to woe
A pulseless pleasure, fraught with pure delight :
The aspect of the mountains huge, that brave
And bear upon their breasts the rolling storms ;
And the soft twinkling of the stars, that pave
Heaven's highway with their bright and burning
forms :

The rustle of the dark boughs overhead :
The murmurs of the torrent far away :
The last notes of the blackbird, and the bay
Of sullen watch-dog, from the far farm-stead—
All waken thoughts of Being's early day,
Loves quench'd, hopes past, friends lost, and
pleasures fled.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ON READING NEW BOOKS.

THERE is a fashion in reading as well as in dress, which lasts only for a season.

* *The Months.*

One would imagine that books were, like women, the worse for being old;* that they have a pleasure in being read for the first time; that they open their leaves more cordially; that the spirit of enjoyment wears out with the spirit of novelty; and that, after a certain age, it is high time to put them on the shelf. This conceit seems to be followed up in practice. What is it to me that another—that hundreds or thousands have in all ages read a work? Is it on this account the less likely to give me pleasure, because it has delighted so many others? Or can I taste this pleasure by proxy? Or am I in any degree the wiser for their knowledge? Yet this might appear to be the inference. Their having read the work may be said to act upon us by sympathy, and the knowledge which so many other persons have of its contents deadens our curiosity and interest altogether. We set aside the subject as one on which others have made up their minds for us, (as if we really could have ideas in their heads,) and are quite on the alert for the next new work, teeming hot from the press, which we shall be the first to read, to criticise, and pass an opinion on. Oh, delightful! To cut open the leaves, to inhale the fragrance of the scarcely-dry paper, to examine the type, to see who is the printer, (which is some clue to the value that is set upon the work,) to launch out into regions of thought and invention never trod till now, and to explore characters that never met a human eye before—this is a luxury worth sacrificing a dinner party, or a few hours of a spare morning to. Who, indeed, when the work is critical and full of expectation, would venture to dine out, or to face a coterie of blue stockings in the evening, without having gone through this ordeal, or at least without hastily turning over a few of the first pages while dressing, to be able to say that the beginning does not promise much, or to tell the name of the heroine?

A new work is something in our power; we mount the bench, and sit in judgment on it; we can damn or recommend it to others at pleasure, can decry or extol it to the skies, and can give an answer to those who have not yet read it, and expect an account of it; and thus show our shrewdness and the independence of our taste before the world have had time to form an opinion. If we cannot write ourselves, we become, by busying ourselves about it, a kind of accessories

after the fact. Though not the parent of the bantling that “has just come into this breathing world, scarce half made up,” without the aid of criticism and puffing, yet we are the gossips and foster-nurses on the occasion, with all the mysterious significance and self-importance of the tribe. If we wait, we must take our report from others; if we make haste, we may dictate ours to them. It is not a race, then, for priority of information, but for precedence in tattling and dogmatizing. The work last out is the first that people talk and inquire about. It is the subject on the *tapis*—the cause that is pending. It is the last candidate for success, (other claims have been disposed of,) and appeals for this success to us, and us alone. Our predecessors can have nothing to say to this question, however they may have anticipated us on others; future ages, in all probability, will not trouble their heads about it; we are the pannel. How hard, then, not to avail ourselves of our immediate privilege to give sentence of life or death—to seem in ignorance of what every one else is full of—to be behind-hand with the polite, the knowing, and fashionable part of mankind—to be at a loss and dumb-founded, when all around us are in their glory, and figuring away, on no other ground than that of having read a work that we have not! Books that are to be written hereafter cannot be criticised by us; those that were written formerly have been criticised long ago; but a new book is the property, the prey of ephemeral criticism, which it darts triumphantly upon; there is a raw thin air of ignorance and uncertainty about it, not filled up by any recorded opinion; and curiosity, impertinence, and vanity rush eagerly into the vacuum. A new book is the fair field for petulance and coxcombry to gather laurels in—the butt set up for roving opinion to aim at. Can we wonder, then, that the circulating libraries are besieged by literary dowagers and their grand-daughters, when a new novel is announced? That mail-coach copies of the *Edinburgh Review* are or were coveted? That the manuscript of the *Waverley* romances is sent abroad in time for the French, German, or even Italian translation to appear on the same day as the original work, so that the longing continental public may not be kept waiting an instant longer than their fellow-readers in the English metropolis, which would be as tantalizing and insupportable as a little girl being kept without her new frock, when her sister's is just come home, and is the talk and admiration of every one in the house? To be sure, there is something in the

* “Laws are not like women, the worse for being old.”—*The Duke of Buckingham's Speech in the House of Lords, in Charles the Second's time.*

taste of the times ; a modern work is expressly adapted to modern readers. It appeals to our direct experience, and to well-known subjects ; it is part and parcel of the world around us, and is drawn from the same sources as our daily thoughts. There is, therefore, so far, a natural or habitual sympathy between us and the literature of the day, though this is a different consideration from the mere circumstance of novelty. An author now alive has a right to calculate upon the living public ; he cannot count upon the dead, nor look forward with much confidence to those that are unborn. Neither, however, is it true that we are eager to read all new books alike ; we turn from them with a certain feeling of distaste and distrust, unless they are recommended to us by some peculiar feature or obvious distinction. Only young ladies from the boarding-school, or milliners' girls, read all the new novels that come out. It must be spoken of or against ; the writer's name must be well known or a great secret ; it must be a topic of discourse and a mark for criticism—that is, it must be likely to bring us into notice in some way—or we take no notice of it. There is a mutual and tacit understanding on this head. We can no more read all the new books that appear, than we can read all the old ones that have disappeared from time to time.—*Monthly Magazine.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF 'NEW WORKS.

THE PALACE OF ALI PASHA.

THE secretary carried us through several chambers, decorated with much cost and barbarous splendour. The wainscot of one of the principal saloons is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ebony, coral, and ivory ; but the workmanship seems harsh and ungraceful. The ceiling is plastered with massive gilding, the effect of which is rather cumbrous than ornamental ; "not graced with elegance, but daubed with cost." Pillars, of a composition to resemble the richest marble, support the compartments, and the cornice is coloured with some imperfect efforts at arabesque painting. There is, however, one article extremely elegant and well-finished—a low sofa, carried round three-fourths of the room, covered with dark velvet, tastefully embroidered, and hung with gold fringe. The general arrangement of the rooms is certainly grand and imposing, though occasionally deformed by much

bad taste. I should not omit to mention, that our conductor desired us to notice two very handsome carpets, which he gave us to understand were of British manufacture. In the apartment where Ali sleeps, the walls are hung with sabres and fire-arms of different descriptions ; all of which are ornamented with precious stones. One of the scimitars is profusely adorned with diamonds and rubies, and a particular musket has a cartouche-box, studded with brilliants of surpassing splendour, the central stone being nearly the size of a die. A fowling-piece, sent to the pasha by Benaparte, is also enriched with gems, though this last article is considered to derive its chief value from the circumstance of having been once the property of the imperial warrior, by whom it was presented. The chamber opens into a long and spacious gallery ; at one extremity we observed a singularly awkward piece of furniture, resembling a large old-fashioned arm-chair. So useless an article in a Turkish palace induced me to inquire the purpose to which it was applied ; and I was informed that, on certain festivals, the pasha gives an entertainment for the diversion of the children of the principal families in the capital, who on such occasions assemble in the gallery. Ali himself always attends, to encourage and assist their gaiety ; and, while reclining on this cumbrous seat, distributes to them, as they are successively presented to him, baskets of sweetmeats, and such other tokens of regard as are suited to their respective ages and condition.—*Narrative of an Excursion from Corfu to Smyrna.*

POLICE OFFICES AND POLICE REPORTS.

THE police reports are frequently the most amusing part of the daily press : they let the reader into many of the secrets of low, and, now and then, of high life ; they are redolent of the phraseology of the vulgar ; they often tickle our fancies by their humour, and sometimes touch our sympathies by their pathos. As anecdotes of real life ; daily catalogues of droll and dismal occurrences among our fellow-citizens ; pictures of what is passing in the streets while we, who are sober sort of folks, are dreaming in our beds ; sketches of manners, and records of the habits, feelings, and minor as well as major delinquencies of those who breathe the same air with us ; they could not fail to be interesting to us all, were we not aware that, like the novels which are said to be "founded on fact," their most rich and racy parts are frequently fiction.

Let not the non-gnostic portion of our readers imagine, that if they haunt the justice-seat of Birnie and his judicial comates, that they will ever witness such pleasant, sparkling, humorous examinations as those reported in the columns of the papers which matinally grace their breakfast-tables. The tyro upon town will stare at this. Why, will he say, cannot I, if I frequent the same place, see and hear what those who are employed for the press see and hear there? He can; but the fact is, that our police reporters are by far too clever to set down the words of other people, without throwing in something of their own. Their plan is to drop the duller parts of a story or a speech, and to embellish its livelier portion—to select the tit-bits, and sauce and spice them up sufficiently high to please the palates of the news reading public. The offices afford them an excellent variety of characters, which, like skilful dramatists, they work up until they become really humorous: many of the cases afford them capital plots, into which they cleverly dovetail pleasant little episodes, and adhere no closer to the deposed facts than many of our by-gone playwrights have done to the sacred page of history. We allude only to the cases of humour which occur at the police-offices: those reports which can be interesting only in proportion as they are correct, are, in general, accurately given; but the matrimonial squabbles, the Irish farcettas, and the frays between the Dogberrys of the night and late walkers—albeit they may, peradventure, contain the leading facts disclosed—are highly wrought up by the fanciful powers of those who amuse the public and feed themselves at a perline-age for the daily press. Many cases which, on hearing, are dull and oftentimes disgusting, under the magic pens of the police-office scribes become lively and entertaining; they are furnished with the raw material—the metal in its ore—which they purify and polish, until it bears little or no resemblance to what it was before it underwent the process of manufacturing for the paper-market under their skilful hands. There are many who delight to visit the police-offices for the sake of seeing those beings who appear there, of whom others only read: some of our readers may, perhaps, be bitten with a similar fancy; but, we warrant, that they will find the actual doings at Bow-street very different to what they had imagined; as Charles Mathews' *Sir Harry Skelton* says, "There's nothing at all in it; people talk a great deal about it—but there's nothing in it, after all—nothing."

It is not often that we look in at morning or evening sitting of the magistrates; we are content to have the police reports served up to us with our potted beef and buttered toast at breakfast; we enjoy them, although we feel convinced that many of them bear no more resemblance to the affairs they are founded on, than mock-turtle to calf's-head; still, like the soup, they are by far the most pleasant and palatable of the two.

Every Night Book.

THE CURRAL.

THE view in front was obstructed by a high ridge, of which we had nearly gained the highest point, when we left our horses, and running up a few yards of steep turf found ourselves all at once on the brink of the Curral. It is a huge valley, or rather crater, of immense depth, enclosed on all sides by a range of magnificent mountain precipices, the sides and summit of which are broken in every variety of buttrees or pinnacles—now black and craggy and beetling—at other times spread with the richest green turf, and scattered with a profusion of the evergreen forest-trees, indigenous to the island; while far below, in the midst of all these horrors, smiles a fairy region of cultivation and fruitfulness, with a church and village, the white cabins of which seem half smothered in the luxuriance of their own vines and orchards.

We gazed long and eagerly at the prospect. It is not easy to give an accurate notion of its peculiar character; and even painting would but ill assist, for one of the most striking features is the great and sudden *depth* which you look down, the effect of which we know the pencil cannot at all convey. The side on which we stand, however, though steep, is not absolutely precipitous; on the contrary, the gradation of crag and projection, by which it descends to the bottom, is one of the finest things in the view. Close on our right a lofty peak presents its rocky face to the valley, to which it bears down in a magnificent mass, shouldering its way, as it seemed, half across it. The opposite sides appear more bare, precipitous, and lofty; and this last character is heightened by some white clouds that rest upon and conceal their summits.

Rejoining the road, we for awhile lost sight of the valley. When we again came in view of it, it was rapidly filling with clouds, but at first their interposition was hardly a disadvantage; they gave a vague indefinite grandeur to the cliffs and mountains, which seemed to rise one knew not from what depth, and lose their

summits in regions beyond our ken. The breaks, too, that occurred in this shrouding of the scene, showed fragments of it with strange effect—till at length the whole hollow filled, and presented a uniform sea of vapour.

Rambles in Madeira.

A PORTUGUESE BALL.

THE ladies are carried in palanquins, and each received at the street entrance by the master of the house—or if there be more than one lady, by some gentlemen deputed for that purpose—who takes her hand, and so ushers her up stairs. There is much of this elaborate gallantry observable in the manner of the Portuguese towards the sex. Thus, a man never passes a lady in the street, or in her balcony, without taking off his hat, and this whether he be acquainted with her or not. We understand they used to offer a similar mark of respect to the English ladies, but desisted on finding that our gentlemen did not reciprocate in the same homage towards the fair *Portuguezas*. I don't think that this difference in the manners of the two people does us credit. Not that all that kind of homage means much. In this, as in a more serious concern, our southern neighbours may seem to have the advantage in the practices of external devotion; but it would be a mistake to infer from thence, that there is with us less of that service of the heart, which, after all, is the one thing needful. The party was large, probably two hundred, including most of the native rank and fashion of the island. We found the ladies all seated together in one room, and the effect of this concentration was sufficiently dazzling. Some people deny that there is any standard of female beauty; and, at any rate, there is no doubt but that habits and associations, as well as complexional and sentimental considerations, interfere more with our perceptions in respect to this than any other object of taste. It is not immediately that we enter into the merits of a style of beauty very different from that which we have been accustomed to. Perhaps it is owing to this circumstance that I was not struck by so many instances of individual attractiveness as might have been expected in so crowded a galaxy. The traits that first strike a stranger in a Portuguese belle, are the tendency to *embonpoint* in the figure, and to darkness—I had almost said swarthiness, in complexion. This last character, however, is not particularly obvious by candle-light; and it is always relieved by the most raven hair, and eyes such as one seldom sees else-

where, so large and black; if their fire were softened by a longer lash, and their expression less fixed, there would be no resisting them. I fancy, too, that their effect would be rather greater in a *idé-d-tête* than in a circle like this, where, looking round, one sees on all sides the same eyes—and which all (it is every-where the reproach of black eyes) say always the same thing. Their dress was perfectly in the English fashion; and, in general, there was something not un-English in their *mise* and *lournure*. The superiority of French women in these matters is incontestable. Perhaps we may account for it something on the principle by which Dr. Johnson explained the excellence of our neighbours in cookery, when he suspected that the inferiority of their meats rendered indispensable some extraordinary skill in dressing it. The general arrangement and progress of the evening was very English too. They dance remarkably well, the men as well as the women. Indeed, it is, I believe, the great end and occupation of the earlier part of their existence. We came away at two o'clock; few of the English staid later; but among the Portuguese, the more ardent spirits kept up the dance till long after day-break, when it is customary to serve up *caldo*, a sort of chicken-broth, for their refreshment.—*Ibid.*

Miscellaneous.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What is a Lawyer?—A lawyer is a man with a pale face and sunken eyes; he passes much time in two small rooms in one of the inns of court; he is surrounded with sheets of foolscap folio paper, tied up with a red string; he has more books than one could read in a year, or comprehend in seven; he walks slowly, speaks hesitatingly, and receives fees from those who visit him, for giving "hypothetical answers" to "specious questions."

What is a Doctor?—A doctor, *videlicet* an M.D., is a sedate-looking personage; he listens calmly to the story of your ailments; if your eye and skin be yellow, he shrewdly remarks that you have the jaundice; he feels your pulse, writes two or three unintelligible lines of Latin, for which you pay him a guinea; he keeps a chariot, and one man-servant. The standard board behind, intended for a footman, is fearfully beset with spikes, to prevent little boys from riding at the doctor's expense. He ingeniously lets himself in and out of his vehicle, by means of a strap attached to the steps, so contrived that when in, he can dexterously

cause the steps to follow. His servant is a coachman abroad, and a footman, valet, and butler at home.

What is an Author?—He is a man who weaves words into sentences; he dissects the works of his predecessors and contemporaries, and ingeniously dovetails the pieces together again, so that their real owners can scarcely recognise them. He is furnished with a pair of scissors and a pot of paste. He frequents the Chapter Coffee-house by day, and the Cider-Cellar by night. He ruralises at Hampstead or Holloway, and perhaps once a year steams it to Margate. He talks largely, and forms the nucleus of a knot of acquaintances, who look up to him as an oracle. He is always going to get about some work of great importance; he writes a page, becomes out of humour with the subject, and begins another, which shares the same fate. His coat is something the worse for wear; his wife is the only person in the world who is blind to his transcendent abilities; and he has too much to do in cultivating his own genius, to descend to the minutiae of his children's education.

SUPERSTITION.

In a little manual of piety, composed, in 1713, for the young ladies who were then pensioners at the monastery of St. Augustine, at Bruges, we have been surprised into frequent smiles by the scrupulous watchfulness with which the ghostly writer followed the lady-pensioners (though with pious fancy only) to the very sacred of sacred! He was not contented with directing them concerning the prayers which he believed proper to be used when they assumed, or laid aside, their respective garments, but even directed them what to do before they attempted to close an eye on the softness of their pillows! Prayers are specified by this zealous pastor for the following curious occasions:—

In putting on your petticoat.

In putting on your night-gown.

In dressing your head.

In putting on your manteau.

In regard to the ceremony of laying aside these memorials of the weakness of Eve, our general mother, there is a prayer to be offered "whilst you undress yourself;" and the ladies are strictly enjoined, before they "get into bed, to take holy water." The writer concludes this part of his instructions by saying, "when you are in bed, write the name of Jesus on your forehead with your thumb!"

CROMWELL.

AFTER the battle of Marston, Cromwell, returning from the pursuit of a party of

the royalists, purposed to stop at Ripley; and, having an officer in his troop, a relation of Sir William Ingilby's, that gentleman was sent to announce his arrival. The officer was informed, by the porter at the gate, that Sir William was absent, but that he might send any message he pleased to his lady. Having sent in his name, and obtained an audience, he was answered by the lady, that no such person should be admitted there; adding, she had force sufficient to defend herself and that house against all rebels. The officer, on his part, represented the extreme folly of making any resistance, and that the safest way would be to admit the general peaceably. After much persuasion, the lady took the advice of her kinsman, and received Cromwell at the gate of the lodge, with a pair of pistols stuck in her apron-strings, and having told him she expected that neither he nor his soldiers would behave improperly, led the way to the hall, where, sitting each on a sofa, these two extraordinary personages, equally jealous of each other's intentions, passed the whole night. At his departure in the morning the lady observed, "It was well he had behaved in so peaceable a manner; for that, had it been otherwise, he would not have left that house with his life."

HOWARD.

OF this celebrated man no portrait was ever painted, for he would never sit to any artist. After his return from one of his journeys to the continent, he was showing to a friend the various things he had brought with him, and among others a new dress made in Saxony: "It was a sort of great coat, yet graceful in its appearance, and ornamented with sober magnificence. His visiter exclaimed, 'This is the robe in which you should be painted by Romney; I will implore the favour on my knees if you will let me array you in this very picturesque habiliment, and convey you instantly in a coach to Cavendish-square.'—'O fie!' replied Howard, in the mildest tone of his gentle voice, 'O fie! I did not kneel to the emperor.'—'And I assure you,' said the petitioner in answer to the tender reproof, 'I would never kneel to you, if you were not above an emperor in my estimation!' The philanthropist was touched by the cordial eulogy, but continued firm in his resolution of not granting his portrait to all the repeated requests of importunate affection."—*Hayley's Life of Romney.*

EDWARD DRINKER.

EDWARD DRINKER was born in a cottage in 1680, on the spot where the city

of Philadelphia now stands, which was inhabited at the time of his birth, by Indians, a few Swedes, and Hollanders. He often talked of picking blackberries, and catching wild rabbits, where this populous city is now seated. He remembered William Penn arriving there the second time, and used to point out the spot where the cabin stood in which Mr. Penn and his friends were accommodated on their arrival.

The life of this aged citizen is marked with circumstances which never befel any other man; for he saw greater events than any man, at least, since the Patriarchia. He saw the same spot of earth, in the course of his own life, covered with woods and bushes, the receptacles of wild beasts and birds of prey, afterwards become the seat of a great city, not only the first in wealth and arts in America, but equalled by few in Europe; he saw great and regular streets, where he had often pursued hares and wild rabbits; he saw fine churches rise upon morasses, where he used to hear nothing but the croaking of frogs; great wharfs and warehouses, where he had so often seen the Indian savages draw their fish from the river, and that river afterwards full of great ships from all the world, which in his youth had nothing bigger than a canoe; and on the same spot, where he had so often gathered huckleberries, he saw their magnificent city hall erected, and that hall filled with legislators, astonishing the world with their wisdom and virtue. He also saw the first treaty ratified between the united powers of America, and the most powerful prince in Europe, with all the formality of parchment and seal; and on the same spot where he once saw William Penn ratify his first and last treaty with the Indians; and to conclude, he saw the beginning and end of the British empire in Pennsylvania. He had been the subject of many crowned heads; but when he heard of the many oppressive and unconstitutional acts passed in Britain, he bought them all, and gave them to his great grandson to make kites of; and embracing the liberty and independence of his country in his withered arms, and triumphing in the last year of his life, in the salvation of his country.

He died on the 17th of November, 1782, aged 103 years.

A SURE SIGN.

WHEN the wind follows the sun and settles about north-west, north, or east, we have fine weather; when, on the contrary, the wind opposes the sun's course, and returns by west, south-west, south, and south-east, and settles in the east, foul weather prevails.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Voltaire*

A MAN of learning was complaining to Voltaire, that few foreigners relished the beauties of Shakspeare. "Sir," replied the wit, "bad translations torment and vex them, and prevent them understanding your great dramatist. A blind man, sir, cannot perceive the beauty of a rose, who only pricks his fingers with the thorns."

THE reign of Edward I. was marked with a singular occurrence, which serves to illustrate the general character of this monarch. In the year 1285, Edward took away the charter of London, and turned out the mayor, in consequence of his suffering himself to be bribed by the bakers, and invested one of his own appointing with the civic authority. The city, however, by making various presents to the king, and rendering him other signal services, found means to have their charter restored.

Dr. E. D. Clarke's Rules for Travellers.

—"Remember that you are never to conceive that you have added enough to your journal; never at liberty to go to sleep, because you are fatigued, until you have filled up all the blanks in it; never to go to the bottom of a mountain without also visiting its top; never to omit visiting mines, where there are any; never to listen to stories of banditti; nor in any instance to be frightened by bugbears."

A TRAVELLER lately returned from Florida says, it is the most fertile country he ever found, the lands producing forty bushels of frogs to the acre, and alligators enough to fence them.—*American paper.*

A RICH banker of Paris happened to be present some time ago at the representation of *Hamlet*, in which Talma, as usual, by the fidelity and force of his delineation, drew tears from the whole of his numerous audience. Being questioned by a person sitting near him, who was astonished to perceive that he alone remained unaffected during the most pathetic scene, the banker coolly replied, "I do not cry, because, in the first place, none of this is true; and secondly, supposing it to be true, what business is it of mine?"—*La Furel.*

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